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THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH

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livery.

Abolition vs. Henry Clay.

From the Emancipator.

As one of the great orators and statesmen
of the nation, we duly honor Mr. Clay. But
when his friends bring him forward as a can-
didate for the office of President of the United
States, it is our duty as citizens, and espe-
cially as abolitionists, to examine his rela-
tion to the GREAT QUESTION, whose im-
portance now overshadows all others. We
are seeking, and confidently expect to wit-
ness, the voluntary and entire abandonment
of slavery throughout this beloved republic.
In this view, it does not become us to over-
look the following FACTS respecting Mr.
Clay:

1. He is a slave-holder, and has never em-
ancipated any of his slaves, or intimated
any intention of doing so.

2. He is one of the founders, and the ac-
tual President of the American Colonization
Society—which was formed and has ever
been controlled, by slave-holders, avowedly
for the benefit of slavery, by the removal of
the free negroes, although its managers have
allowed, and do still allow, it to be pushed
into favor at the North as a means of exter-
minating slavery.

3. He is the reputed and acknowledged au-
thor of the "Missouri Compromise," in
1820, by which the spirit of liberty was
broken down, and the nation beguiled into
complete subservience to slavery.

4. He is the author of the project for the
acquisition of Texas, having made the first
motion on the subject in the House of Repre-
sentatives, on the 3d of April, 1820. And
there is no reason to suppose he has ever
abandoned the project. The zeal of the south-
ern papers in his interest forbids a doubt on
this subject.

5. He is irrevocably and in principle op-
posed to the abolition of slavery in the Dis-
trict of Columbia and Florida. His resolu-
tions offered in the Senate as an amendment
to Mr. Calhoun's, virtually charge the peti-
tioners on this subject with a breach of the
public faith.

6. He is on good grounds believed to be
opposed to the call of a convention in Ken-
tucky for the amendment of the State Con-
stitution, and principally for fear they will
take measures to facilitate the abolition of
slavery in the State. All the leading papers
of the State in his interest oppose it, and his
son as well as his leading friends who were
members of the late legislature were stren-
uously opposed to the bill.

7. He has openly given his voice for the
exclusion of abolitionists from the privileges
and sympathies of society. In his speech
on Mr. Calhoun's resolution, he urged the
importance of "keeping the abolitionists
separate and distinct from all other classes
standing out in bold and prominent relief,
unmixed with the rest of the community,
WITHOUT GENERAL SYMPATHY,
and exposed to the overwhelming power of
the united opinion of all who desire the peace,
harmony, and union of our confederacy;"
or as the language is understood to mean,
exposed to Lynch law.

Now we have no authority to pledge or
control the votes of other abolitionists, but
we give it frankly as an obvious inference
from the above facts—and it is all the in-
ference we wish to make—that for abolition-
ists to lend any support to such a candidate
will be to renounce their principles and nul-
lify their measures, and that it will be more
honorable for abolitionists to allow any other
candidate to be elected without their votes,
than for them to give their votes, under any
circumstances, for Henry Clay.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman, one of
the most violent abolition papers:

"We regret that truth and the cause of
humanity, which he has betrayed, compel
us to speak of HENRY CLAY as an enemy
to freedom."
* * * "His re-
cent course in the Senate of the U. States,
has reluctantly compelled us to consider him
a most dangerous ENEMY to the cause of
UNIVERSAL LIBERTY."

The editor then proceeds to notice Mr.
Clay's anti-abolition resolutions introduced
into the Senate this year, and in reference
to them remarks:

"This is taking ground in favor of PER-
PETUAL SLAVERY. There is no mis-
taking the language of these resolutions.
They go for slavery now and forever."

* * * We are sorry for Henry Clay.
He has entered upon the humiliating and
debasing task of prostituting the DEMON OF
SLAVERY."

The Emancipator, the leading journal of
the abolitionists, thus speaks of Henry Clay
as a candidate for the Presidency:

"If he will but go to Liberia, that Para-
dise of the whole earth, he may there exer-
cise his office in all its minutiae; but if he
stay here, Martin Van Buren BEFORE
Henry Clay."

SONG OF THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her glory;
Her warrior's wreath is in our hand,
Our lips breathe but her story:
Her lofty hills and valleys green
Are smiling bright before us;
And, like a rainbow sign, is seen,
Her proud flag waving o'er us.
And there are smiles upon her lips
For those who meet her foemen;
For glory's star knows no eclipse,
When smiled upon by WOMAN;
For those who brave the mighty deep,
And scorn the threat of danger,
We've smiles to cheer, and tears to weep,
For every ocean ranger.
Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her freedom;
Our prayers are for the gallant band,
Who strike where honor leads them:
We love the taintless air we breathe—
'Tis Freedom's endless dower;
We'll twine for him a fideles wreath,
Who scorns a tyrant's power.

They tell of France's beauties rare,
Of Italy's proud daughters;
Of Scotland's lasses, England's fair,
And nymphs of Shannon's waters;
We heed not all their boasted charms,
Though lords around them hover;
Our glory lies in Freedom's arms—
A FREEMAN FOR A LOVER.

I SEE THEE STILL.

"I rocked her in the cradle,
And laid her in the tomb. She was the youngest.
What freeds circle hath not felt the charm
Of that sweet tie? The youngest ne'er grow old.
The fond endearments of our earlier days
We keep alive in them; and when they die,
Our youthful joys we bury with them."

I see thee still!

Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust:
Thou comest in the morning light,
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night;
In dreams I meet thee as of old;
Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear;
In every scene to memory dear,
I see thee still!

I see thee still,

In every hallowed token round:
This little ring thy finger bound,
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
This silken chain by thee was braided;
These flowers, all withered now, like thee,
Sweet sister, thou didst call for me;
This book was thine—here didst thou read;
This picture—ah, yes, here, indeed,
I see thee still!

I see thee still!

Here was thy summer noon's retreat,
Here was thy favorite freeds seat;
This was thy chamber—here, each day,
I sat and watched thy slow decay;
Here, on this bed, thou hast died—
Here, on this pillow, thou didst die!
Dark hour! once more its woes unfold;
As then I saw thee pale and cold,
I see thee still!

I see thee still!

Thou art not in the grave confined—
Death cannot chain th' immortal mind;
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
But goodness dies not in the dust!
Thee, oh my sister! 'tis not thee,
Beneath the coffin's lid I see—
Thou to a fairer land art gone—
There, let me hope, my journey done,
To see thee still!

FREEDOM OF OPINION.

What barrier is there against the univer-
sal despotism of public opinion in this coun-
try, but individual freedom? Who is to
stand up here, but the possessor of that holy
independence? There is no king, no sultan,
no noble, no privileged class—nobody
else to stand against it. If you yield this
point—if you are forever making compro-
mises; if all men do this; if the entire policy
of private life here, is to escape opposition
and reproach, every thing will be swept be-
neath the popular wave. There will be no
individuality, no hardihood, no high and
stern resolve, no self-subsistence, no fear-
less dignity, no glorious manhood of mind,
left among us. The holy heritage of our
fathers' virtue will be trodden under foot by
their unworthy children. They feared not
to stand up against kings and nobles, parlia-
ment and people. Better did they account
it, that their lonely bark should sweep the
wide sea in freedom—happier were they,
when their sail swelled to the storm of win-
ter, than to be slaves in palaces of ease.
Sweeter to their ear was the music of the
gale that shrieked in their broken cordage,
than the voice at home that said 'submit
and you shall have rest.' And when they
reached this wild shore, and built their altar,
and knelt upon the frozen snow and sin-
ter rock to worship, they built that altar
to freedom, to individual freedom, to freedom
of conscience and opinion; and their noble
prayer was, that their children might be
thus free. Let their sons remember the
prayer of their extremity, and the great be-
quest which their magnanimity has left us.

* * * I know of but one thing safe in
the universe, and that is truth. And I know
of but one way to truth to an individual
mind, and that is, unfettered thought. And
I know of but one path for the multitude to
truth, and that is thought, freely expressed.
Make of truth itself an altar of slavery, and
guard it about with a mysterious shrine;
bind thought a victim upon it; and let the
passions of the prejudiced multitude minis-
ter fuel; and you sacrifice upon the accursed
altar, the hopes of the world!

Why is it, in fact, that the tone of morali-
ty in the high places of society is so lax and
complaisant, but for want of the independ-
ent and indignant rebuke of society?—
There is reproach enough poured upon the
drunkenness, debauchery, and dishonesty
of the poor man. The good people who go
to him can speak plainly—ay, very plainly,
of his evil ways. Why is it, then, that fash-
ionable vice is able to hold up its head, and
sometimes to occupy the front ranks of so-
ciety? It is because respectable persons,
of hesitating and compromising virtue, keep
it in countenance. It is because timid woman
stretches out her hand to the man whom
she knows to be the deadliest enemy
of morality and to her sex, while she turns
a cold eye upon the victims he has ruined.
It is because there is nobody to speak plain-
ly in cases like these. And do you think
that society is ever to be regenerated or pu-
rified under the influence of these unjust
and pusillanimous compromises? I tell you
never. So long as vice is suffered to be
fashionable and respectable—so long as
men are bold to condemn it only when it is
in rags, there will never be any radical im-
provement. You may multiply Temperance
Societies, and Moral Reform Societies; you
may pile up statute books of laws against
gambling and dishonesty; but so long as
the timid homages of the fair and honored
are paid to splendid iniquity, it will be all
in vain. So long will it be felt, that the
voice of the world is not against the sinner,
but against the sinner's garb. And so long
every weapon of association, and every ba-
ton of office, will be but missiles together
against the leviathan, that is wallowing in
the low marshes and stagnant pools of so-
ciety.—*Oreille Decey.*

RELIGION.—It is not an abstraction. It is
not an idealism, living in the brain, but leav-
ing the heart untouched. It does not con-
sist in particular frames of mind—in the
excitement of animal feeling, or the over-
flow of these sensibilities—in the kindling
of the fancy or the heating of the imagina-
tion. It lives not merely in visible mani-
festations of devotion, in the bowing of the
knee, or the lifting of the hands. All these
may be, without religion; and religion may
exist, without them.

It is benevolent action, flowing forth from
holy motive. It is that charity which hop-
ing all things, believing all things, contents
not itself with a 'Be ye warned and be ye
clothed,' but performs the good which it
desires. It is that love which throws its
embrace around all human kind. It is
that benevolence which, like a river of good,
gushing from a pure fountain, flows freely
forth to all, spreading beauty and blessed-
ness around—causing the desolate places
to rejoice, and making the wilderness bud
and blossom as the rose. It knows not the
lost of power. It seeks not its own prefer-
ment. Its kingdom is not of this world.
It is too high to envy the proudest—too
meek to despise the humblest. It hath no
fellowship with bigotry. Its creed is—'Do
justice, love mercy, and walk humbly before
God.' Respect is the pure in heart. The
temple of its worship is the universe, and
without hypocrisy. It is a transcript of
Him who spent his life in doing good. It
is the spirit of God living in the human heart.
—*New Yorker.*

SYMPATHY. If the image of my friend
rises up, spontaneously as it were, in the
mind, and dwells there like an actual pre-
sence, so that every lineament of the coun-
tenance, every glance of the eye is repre-
sented as vividly, as if they were indeed
before me, and the sound of their voice is
in my ear, I firmly believe that at that
very moment that person is thinking of me.
This is sympathy. If this is not the case, why
does that phantom rise uncalled for by any
previous word, thought or association? Im-
pressed with this delightful conviction, I hold
sweet communion with the absent, and in
atmosphere of thought enjoy the purest sen-
sation.

The western papers think that fever and
ague in that section of country will be con-
verted to great mechanical purposes. An
Iowa paper says that somebody will yet
take out a patent substituting fever and ague
for boat-jacks—with this improvement, that
the former will take off all the clothes si-
multaneously. Besides, it is estimated that
the shaking of twelve men will propel boats
of 100 tons. If this be correct, the days of
steam are numbered.

A FACT.—A gentleman went into a Wall
street Bank the other day to make a depo-
site, and as he handed his book to the teller,
congratulated him on the Whig victory.
On his way home, he as usual looked to see
if the deposit was rightly entered, and
found that the teller had entered the Whig
victory!—*N. Y. Whig.*

NATIVE PEARLS. The New York Star
says,—"We have been just shown by Dr.
Feuchtwanger, a large sized and most beau-
tiful native Pearl, of a perfectly spherical
form, and a slight tinge of rose color, weigh-
ing no less than five and five sixteenths
carats, which would be worth in England
\$140. It was taken from an oyster, from
the beds in Delaware river. Also, two o-
thers of a still more white and beautiful co-
lor, and equally exact in sphericity, from
the same quarter."

THE LAST CASE.—Being that of a gen-
tleman seeking to wind up his watch,
wound up himself and never perceived his
mistake till his creditors objected to let him
go on tick any longer.

JUSTICE. Striking a man \$200. Killing
one, \$250. Difference, \$50.

A YANKEE IN ENGLAND.

Not many years ago it happened that a
young man from New York visited London.
His father being connected with several of
the British aristocracy, the young American
was introduced into the fashionable circles
of the metropolis—where in consequence of
his very fine personal appearance or that
his father was very rich, or that he was a
new figure on the stage, he attracted much
attention, and became quite the favorite of
the ladies. This was not at all relished by
the British beaux; but as no very fair pre-
text offered for a rebuff, they were com-
pelled to treat him with civility. Thus matters
stood when the Hon. M. P. and his lady
made a party to accompany them to their
country seat in Cambridgeshire, and the
American was among the invited guests.
Numerous were the devices to which those
devotees of pleasure resorted to kill the old
fellow who will measure his hours, when he
ought to know they are not wanted, and the
ingenuity of every one was taxed to remem-
ber or invent something novel.

The Yankees are proverbially ready at
invention, and the American did honor to
his character as a man accustomed to free-
dom. He was frank and gay, and entered
into all the sports and amusements with
that unaffected enjoyment which commu-
nicated fresh feelings to the most worn out
fashionists in the party. But a combination
was at last formed among a trio of dandies,
staunch patrons of the Quarterly, to annihi-
late the American. They agreed to vary
the eternal evening waltzing and piping, by
charades, playing various games, and hav-
ing interested one of those indefatigable la-
dies, who always carry their point in the
scheme, it was voted to be the thing. After
some few charades had been disposed of,
one of the gentlemen begged leave to pro-
pose the game called "Crowning the Wis-
est." This is played by selecting a Judge
of the game, and three other persons, either
ladies or gentlemen, who are to contest for
the crown by answering successively the
various questions which the rest of the party
are at liberty to ask. The one declared to
have been the readiest and happiest in his
answer receives the crown.

Our American, much against his inclina-
tion, was chosen among the three candi-
dates. He was aware that his position, the
society with which he was mingling, re-
quired of him the ability to sustain him-
self. He was to be sure, treated with distin-
guished attention by his host and hostess,
and generally by the party; but this was a
favorite to the individual, and not one of the
company understood the character of republi-
cans or appreciated the Republic. The
three worthies had arranged that their turn
for him should fall in succession and be the
last. The first one, a perfect exquisite, and
with an air of the most ineffable condescen-
sion, put his question.

"If I understand rightly the government
of your country, you acknowledge no dis-
tinctions of rank—consequently you can
have no court standard for the manners of a
gentleman. Will you favor me with in-
formation where your best school of polite-
ness is to be found?"

"For your benefit," replied the Ameri-
can, smiling calmly, "I would recommend
the Falls of Niagara—a contemplation of
that stupendous wonder teaches humility to
the proudest, and human nothingness to the
vainest. It rebukes the trifler, and arouses
the most stupid; in short, it turns men from
their idols; and when we acknowledge that
God only is Lord, we feel that men are our
equals. A true christian is always polite."

There was a murmur among the audi-
ence—but whether applause or censure the
American could not determine, as he did
not choose to betray any anxiety for the re-
sult by a scrutiny of the faces which he
knew were bent on him.

The second now proposed his question.
He affected to be a great politician, was
mystified and whiskered like a diploma-
tist, which station he had been coveting.
His voice was bland, but his emphasis was
very significant.

"Should I visit the United States, what
subject with which I am conversant would
most interest your people, and give me an
opportunity of enjoying their conversa-
tion?"

"You must maintain, as you do at pre-
sent, that a monarchy is the wisest, the best
government, which the skill of man ever
devised, and the democracy is utterly bar-
barous. My countrymen are proverbially
fond of argument, and will meet you on both
these questions, and if you choose, argue
with you to the end of your life."

The murmur was renewed, but still with-
out decided expression of the feeling with
which his answer had been received.

The third then rose from the seat, and
with an assured voice, which seemed to an-
nounce a certain triumph, said,

"I require your decision on a delicate
question; but the rules of the pastime war-
rant it, and also a candid answer. You have
seen the American and English ladies—
which are the fairest?"

The young republican glanced around
the circle. It was bright with flashing eyes,
and the sweet smiles which wreathed many
a lovely lip, might have won a less determi-
ned patriot from his allegiance. He did
not hesitate, though he bowed low to the
ladies as he answered.

"The standard of female beauty is, I be-
lieve, allowed to be the power of exciting
admiration and love in our sex—conse-
quently, those ladies who are most admired,
beloved, and respected by the gentlemen,
must be the fairest. Now I assert confident-
ly, that there is not a nation on earth where
woman is so truly beloved, so tenderly cher-
ished, so respectfully treated, as in the Re-
public of the United States—therefore, the
American ladies are the fairest. But," and

he again bowed low, "if the ladies before
whom I have now the honor of expressing
my opinion, were in my country, we should
think them Americans."

The applause was enthusiastic. After
the mirth had subsided so as to allow the
Judge to be heard, he directed the crown to
the Yankee.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

The following is a fair hit at the quack-
ery of the present day. Bombast and flatus
are relied upon to fool folks with, and the
world's CREDULITY is considered by
quacks, medical and political, as undeniable
and incurable. The best remedy against
credulity is common sense.

Franklin Review.

Dr. Benjamin Bombastes' Pills, or the
Infallible Restorative and Universal Spec-
ific against all the ills to which flesh is
heir, including Abolition, Asthma, Assaults
and Batteries, Bowel Complaints, Bad Crops,
Bentonsism, Broken Banks, Croup, Consump-
tion, Dropsy, Democracy, Dull Times, Ele-
phantiasis, Empty Pockets, Fever—inter-
mittent, remittent and continual—False
Swearing, Federalism, Fidgets, Gout, Gor-
mandizing, Herminia, Hypo, Humbuggery,
Jaundice, Jilting, Lying, Looseness, Mar-
asmus, Mobs, Mixing Liquors, Night Sweat-
ing, Nullification, Old Age, Peddling, Paraly-
sis, Patent Pills, Quinsey, Quacks, Rick-
ets, Riots, Scrofula, Steamboat Accidents,
Scolding Wives and Squalling Children,
Tic Doloieux, Tippling, Uttering Forged
Notes, Usury, Vanity and Vexation of Spirit,
Van Burenism, Wens, Whiggery, Witch-
craft, and Want of Money. Manufactured
by Benjamin Bombastes, after a receipt
prepared by his grandfather's remote an-
cestor, and by him handed to Noah just as
the ark's door was closing for the last time.
The genuine article can be procured in
New York, of Benjamin Bombastes, at his
office, in any part of the world.

N. B. No apothecaries entrusted with
the sale of the same. Fellow men, and fel-
low citizens of the United States of Ameri-
ca, and all popedom, kingdoms, and prin-
cipalities of Europe, there is only one disease,
and that is CREDULITY.

A comedian having appeared before a
Dublin audience in an extremely dirty pair
of white duck trousers, a person in the gal-
lery bawled out, 'I say, Mister, would'n't
your ducks be better for a swim?'

A Mississippi Jury, empannelled some-
where 'up south' last spring, is described
by an eye-witness as being engaged in
sticking pins in each other to keep awake,
and betting liquor on who could spit tobacco
juice the farthest against a newly plastered
and neatly whitewashed wall, together with
various other amusements, alike rational,
beautiful, and dignified.

A CAUSTIC HIT.—Piron, the French
author, having been taken up by the watch-
man of the night in the streets of Paris,
was carried, on the following morning, be-
fore the lieutenant of Police, who haughtily
interrogated him concerning his business
or profession.

"I am a poet, sir," said Piron.
"Oh, oh! a poet, are you?" said the magis-
trate—"I have a brother who is a poet."
"Then we are even," said Piron, "for I
have a brother who is a fool."

A lady member of the Peace Convention,
recently held in the city of New York, de-
clared in her speech that she would not be-
come pledged to any man, or body of men.

DUELING.

The Cincinnati Chronicle, in an article
upon duelling, has the following statement,
which is well worthy of notice from those
who regard the practice as a necessary evil:

"We will now advert to the opinion of
Ohio on the subject of Duelling. Ohio be-
came a State in 1802,—36 years since, and
we have not heard of a single duel within
her limit during that period. The State has
now a million and a half of people. No
more complete demonstration could be
made, that such affairs are wholly useless,
and that the people of Ohio hold them in
aversion. The Ohioans have the passions
of other men; are as brave as other men;
yet they do without duels, and condemn
them in others. Shall this policy be re-
versed?"

A woman in Vermont has been found
guilty on a charge of being a common
scold. The Vermont papers add that "the
jury was composed of married men," and
the U. S. Gazette infers therefore that they
must be judges!

POPPING THE QUESTION. "What a strange
thing is acquaintance!" said a beautiful girl
the other day to a friend of ours—"a year
ago we had not seen each other—many a
season had rolled its course, bringing hope,
happiness, and perchance sorrow to each,
without the cognizance of the other, and
now we are so intimate!" Our friend says
she looked so lovely he could not help press-
ing her delicate cheek—and he asked her if
he had aught to do with the happiness of
her future. "You are in my dreams of the
coming days," replied she. They are to be
married next Christmas. We consider this
one of the neatest "poppings of the ques-
tion" we ever heard of.

PUBLIC BENEFACTORS.—Every one can
and should do something for the public, if it
be only to kick a piece of orange-peel into
the road from the foot pavement.

DING-DING-DING.—All Loco Focos what
have not paid their passage up Salt River,
will please call at Capt. Marcy's office, and
settle.—*Troy Whig.*

ECLIPSES.

The ancients had terrible ideas of eclip-
ses; supposing them presages of some dread-
ful event. Plutarch assures us that in Rome
it was not allowed to talk publicly of any
natural cause of eclipses—the popular opin-
ion running so strongly in favor of their
supernatural production—at least those of
the moon. So far as to those of the Sun,
they had some idea that they were caused
by the interposition of the moon, but were
at a loss for a body to interpose between us
and the moon, which they thought must be
the way, if the eclipse of the moon were
produced by natural causes. They there-
fore made a great noise with brazen in-
struments, and set up loud shouts during the
eclipse of the moon. Others attributed the
eclipse of the moon to the arts of magicians,
who, by their enchantments, plucked her
out of heaven, and made her skim over the
grass.

The natives of Mexico kept fast during
the time of the eclipse; and particularly
their women, who beat and abused them-
selves, drawing blood from their arms, &c.,
imagining the moon had been wounded by
the sun, in some quarrel between them.

The Chinese have an idea that eclipses
are occasioned by great dragons, who are
ready to devour the sun and moon; and
therefore, when they perceive an eclipse,
they rattle drums and brass kettles, till they
think the monster, terrified by the noise,
lets go his prey.

The superstitious notions entertained of
eclipses have been sometimes of considera-
ble advantage, as was the case with Colum-
bus. But the most striking circumstance of
this kind was the prediction of an eclipse of
the sun by Thales, the great father of As-
tronomy, which happened, according to
Mayor's calculation, on the 17th of May,
603 years before Christ, at the moment that
Cyraxares, king of the Medes, and Aliathos,
king of the Lydians, were preparing for
battle, but alarmed at the appearance of the
eclipse, they immediately laid down their
arms and negotiated a peace; and thus, ig-
norance, which is often so injurious to the
happiness of man, may, in this instance, be
said to have largely contributed towards it.

SQUEEZING THE HAND.

It is but lately that we understood the
strange constructions that are sometimes put
upon a squeeze of the hand. With some per-
sons it is entirely equivalent to a declaration
of love; this is very surprising indeed. We
must take hold of a lady's hand like hot po-
tatoes; afraid of giving a squeeze least we
should burn her fingers. Very fine, truly!
Now it was our ancient custom to squeeze
every hand that we got in our clutches, es-
pecially a fair one. Is it not a wonder that
we have never been sued for a breach of
promise? We would not give a scrupulous
for one of your cold, formal shakes of the
hands. Every person who protrudes one of
two fingers for your touch, (as if he were
afraid of catching some cutaneous distem-
per) should go to school to a while to John Q.
Adams. He shakes you with a vengeance;
and shakes your body too, unless you should
happen to be as thick as himself. Well
there is nothing like it; it shows a good heart
at any rate and we would rather a man
would crush the very bones of our fingers
and shake our shoulders out of joint, than
that he should poke our paw, as if he were
about to come in contact with a bear or
hyena. The ladies may rest assured of
this, that a man who will not squeeze their
hand when he gets hold of it, does not de-
serve to have a hand in his possession; and
that he has a heart seven hundred and forty-
nine times smaller than a grain of mustard
seed.—*Morning Visitor.*

STEAMBOAT VICKSBURG.

This elegant boat was at our landing on
Saturday on her first trip down the River,
and attracted much attention from our citi-
zens, being a truly noble specimen of the
degree of perfection to which the art of
boat building has arrived in the Mississippi
Valley. The Vicksburg was built at New
Albany. Her machinery was made at
Louisville. She has a powerful double en-
gine and is certainly one of the most roomy,
convenient and splendid boats on the river;
and in some respects, may be considered
superior to every other. We noticed particu-
larly that the space intervening between her
boilers and the cabin floors was full 5
feet—thus preventing the great and annoy-
ing heat from penetrating the forward cab-
in, as is the case in most boats. She has
42 state rooms, spacious and well ventila-
ted, with lights above the doors opening on
the guards. The cabin and ladies saloon
are large, being 13 feet high and 18 feet
wide, and furnished with much elegance
and taste.

She is 106 feet keel, 31 feet beam and 9
feet hold. Her wheel is 26 feet in diam-
eter.

It is intended that the Vicksburg will run
as a regular packet between New Orleans
and Vicksburg, leaving each port on set
days without variation, so that there may be
no liability of disappointment. She will
leave New Orleans on the 1st, 10th and
20th of every month, and Vicksburg on the
4th, 14th and 24th. Her Commander,
Capt. Pease, is a skillful, careful and experi-
enced gentleman, and we have no doubt
that the performances of the Vicksburg will
give general satisfaction, we hope that the
enterprise will be well sustained by the
public, and that the patronage will be found
sufficient to retain her as is proposed per-
manently in the lower trade.

Natchez Courier.

What is a Witness' Stand?—It is a kind
of pillory in a court of justice, where a per-
son is obliged to receive every species of ver-
bal insult without being able to resent it.